

A
P O E M,

To His EXCELLENCY The
LORD PRIVY-SEAL,
ON THE
PROSPECT of PEACE.

By Mr. TICKELL.

—————Sacerdos
Fronde super MITRAM fœlici insignis Olivæ. Virg.

L O N D O N:

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T O T H E
L O R D P R I V Y - S E A L.

Contending Kings, and Fields of Death, too long
Have been the Subject of the British Song.
Who hath not read of fam'd Ramillia's Plain,
Bavaria's Fall, and Danube choak'd with Slain!
Exhausted Themes! A gentler Note I raise,
And sing returning Peace in softer Lays.
Their Fury quell'd, and martial Rage allay'd,
I wait our Heroes in the Sylvan Shade:
Disbanding Hosts are imag'd to my Mind,
Confed'rate Pow'rs in friendly Leagues combin'd,
While Ease and Pleasure make the Nations smile,
And Heav'n and ANNA bless Britannia's Isle.

Well sends our QUEEN Her Mitred BRISTOL forth,
For early Counsels fam'd, and long-try'd Worth,
Who, thirty rolling Years, had oft with-held
The Suede and Saxon from the dusty Field,
Completely form'd to heal the Christian Wounds,
To name the Kings, and give each Kingdom Bounds,

*The Face of ravag'd Nature to repair,
By Leagues to soften Earth, and Heav'n by Pray'r,
To gain by Love, where Rage and Slaughter fail,
And make the Crozier o'er the Sword prevail.*

*So when great Moses, with JEHOVAH's Wand,
Had scatter'd Plagues o'er stubborn Pharaoh's Land,
Now spread an Host of Locusts round the Shore,
Now turn'd Nile's fatt'ning Streams to putrid Gore;
Plenty and Gladness mark'd the Priest of God,
And sudden Almonds shot from Aaron's Rod.*

*O Thou, from whom these bounteous Blessings flow,
To whom, as chief, the Hopes of Peace we owe,
(For next to Thee; the Man whom Kings contend
To stile Companion, and to make their Friend,
Great Strafford, rich in every courtly Grace,
With joyful Pride accepts the second Place.)
From Britain's Isle, and Isis' sacred Spring
One Hour, oh! listen while the Muses sing.
Though Ministers of mighty Monarchs wait,
With beating Hearts, to learn their Masters' Fate,
One Hour forbear to speak thy QUEEN's Commands,
Nor think the World, thy Charge, neglected stands;
The blissful Prospects, in my Verse display'd,
May lure the Stubborn, the Deceiv'd persuade,
Ev'n Thou to Peace shalt speedier urge the Way,
And more be hasten'd by this short Delay.*

A
P O E M

O N T H E

P R O S P E C T of *P E A C E*.

THE haughty *Gaul*, in Ten Campaigns o'erthrown,
 Now ceas'd to think the Western World his own.
 Oft had he mourn'd his boasting Leaders bound,
 And his proud Bulwarks smoaking on the Ground;
 In vain with Pow'rs renew'd he fill'd the Plain,
 Made tim'rous Vows, and brib'd the Saints in vain;
 As oft his Legions did the Fight decline,
 Lurk'd in the Trench, and skulk'd behind the Line.
 Before his Eyes the fancy'd Javelin gleams,
 At Feasts he starts, and seems dethron'd in Dreams,
 On Glory past reflects with secret Pain,
 On Mines exhausted, and on Millions slain.

To *Britain's* QUEEN the sceptred Suppliant bends,
 To Her his Crowns and Infant Race commends,
 Who grieves Her Fame with Christian Blood to buy,
 Nor asks for Glory at a Price so high.

B

At

At Her Decree the War suspended stands,
 And *Britain's* Heroes hold their lifted Hands,
 Their open Brows no threat'ning Frowns disguise,
 But gentler Passions sparkle in their Eyes.
 The *Gauls*, who never in their Courts could find
 Such temper'd Fire with manly Beauty join'd,
 Doubt if they're those, whom dreadful to the View
 In Forms so fierce their fearful Fancies drew,
 At whose dire Names ten thousand Widows preſt
 Their helpless Orphans clinging to the Breast.
 In ſilent Rapture each his Foe ſurveyſ,
 Firm Friendſhip vows, and gives alternate Praise.
 Brave Minds, howe'er at War, are ſecret Friends,
 Their gen'rous Diſcord with the Battel ends;
 In Peace they wonder whence Diſſention roſe,
 And ask how Souls ſo like could e'er be Foes.

Methinks I hear more friendly Shouts rebound,
 And ſocial Clarions mix their ſprightly Sound,
 The *British* Flags are furl'd, her Troops diſband,
 And ſcatter'd Armies ſeek their native Land.
 The hardy Vet'ran, proud of many a Scar,
 The manly Charms and Honours of the War,
 Who hop'd to ſhare his Friends' illuſtrious Doom,
 And in the Battel find a Soldier's Tomb,

Leans on his Spear to take his farewell View,
And fighting bids the glorious Camp adieu.

Ye gen'rous Fair, receive the Brave with Smiles,
O'er-pay their sleepless Nights, and crown their Toils;
Soft Beauty is the gallant Soldier's Due,
For You they conquer, and they bleed for You.
In vain proud *Gaule* with boastful *Spain* conspires,
When *English* Valour *English* Beauty fires;
The Nations dread your Eyes, and Kings despair
Of Chiefs so brave, till they have Nymphs so fair.

See the fond Wife, in Tears of Transport drown'd,
Hugs her rough Lord, and weeps o'er ev'ry Wound,
Hangs on the Lips that Fields of Blood relate,
And smiles, or trembles at his various Fate.
Near the full Bowl he draws the fancy'd Line,
And marks feign'd Trenches in the flowing Wine,
Then sets th'invested Fort before her Eyes,
And Mines, that whirl'd whole Squadrons to the Skies;
His little list'ning Progeny turn pale,
And beg again to hear the dreadful Tale.

Such dire Atchievements sings the Bard, that tells
Of Palfrey'd Dames, bold Knights, and Magic Spells,

Where

Where whole Brigades one Champion's Arms o'erthrow,
 And cleave a Giant at a random Blow,
 Slay Paynims vile, that force the Fair, and tame
 The Goblin's Fury, and the Dragon's Flame:

Our eager Youth to distant Nations run,
 To visit Fields, their valiant Fathers won;
 From *Flandria's* Shore their Country's Fame they trace,
 Till far *Germania* shews her blasted Face:
 Th' exulting *Briton* asks his mournful Guide,
 Where his hard Fate the lost *Bavaria* try'd,
 Where *Stepney* grav'd the Stone to *ANNA's* Fame:
 He points to *Blenheim*, once a vulgar Name;
 Here fled the *Household*, there did *Tallard* yield,
 Here *Marlbrough* turn'd the Fortune of the Field,
 On those steep Banks, near *Danube's* raging Flood
 The *Gauls* thrice started back, and trembling stood,
 When, *Churchill's* Arm perceiv'd, they stood not long,
 But plung'd amidst the Waves, a desp'rate Throng,
 Crowds whelm'd on Crowds dash'd wide the watry Bed,
 And drove the Current to its distant Head.

As when by *Raphael's*, or by *Kneller's* Hands
 A Warlike Courser on the Canvas stands,
 Such as on *Landen* bleeding *Ormonde* bore,
 Or set young *Ammon* on the *Granic* Shore;

If

If chance a gen'rous Steed the Work behold,
 He snorts, he neighs, he champs the foamy Gold:
 So, *Hocstet* seen, tumultuous Passions rowl,
 And Hints of Glory fire the *Briton's* Soul,
 In fancy'd Fights he sees the Troops engage,
 And all the Tempest of the Battel rage.

Charm Me, ye Pow'rs, with Scenes less nobly bright,
 Far humbler Thoughts th' inglorious Muse delight,
 Content to see the Horrors of the Field
 By Plough-shares level'd, or in Flow'rs conceal'd.
 O'er shatter'd Walls may creeping Ivy twine,
 And Grass luxuriant cloath the harmless Mine,
 Tame Flocks ascend the Breach without a Wound,
 Or crop the Bastion, now a Fruitful Ground;
 While Shepherds sleep, along the Rampart laid,
 Or pipe beneath the formidable Shade.

Who was the Man? Oblivion blast his Name,
 Torn out, and blotted from the List of Fame!
 Who fond of lawless Rule, and proudly brave,
 First sunk the filial Subject to a Slave,
 His Neighbour's Realms by Frauds un-kingly gain'd,
 In guiltless Blood the sacred Ermine stain'd,
 Laid Schemes for Death, to Slaughter turn'd his Heart,
 And fitted Murder to the Rules of Art.

Ah! curst Ambition, to thy Lures we owe
 The Weight of Ills, that Mortals bear below.
 Curst by the Hind, when to the Spoil he yields
 His Year's whole Sweat, and vainly ripen'd Fields;
 Curst by the Maid, torn from her Lover's Side,
 When left a Widow, though not yet a Bride;
 By Mothers curst, when Floods of Tears they shed,
 And scatter useless Roses on the Dead.
 Oh sacred *Bristol*! then what Dangers prove
 The Arts, Thou smil'st on with Paternal Love?
 Then, mix'd with Rubbish by the brutal Foes,
 In vain the Marble breathes, the Canvas glows;
 To Shades obscure the glitt'ring Sword pursues
 The gentle Poet, and defenceless Muse.
 A Voice, like Thine alone, might then assuage
 The Warrior's Fury, and controul his Rage;
 To hear Thee speak might the fierce *Vandal* stand,
 And fling the brandish'd Sabre from his Hand.

Far hence be driv'n to *Scythia's* stormy Shore
 The Drum's harsh Musick, and the Cannon's Roar;
 Let grim *Bellona* haunt the lawless Plain,
 Where *Tartar* Clans, and grizly *Cossacks* reign;
 Let the steel'd *Turk* be deaf to Matrons Cries,
 See Virgins ravish'd with relentless Eyes,

To Death grey Heads and smiling Infants doom,
 Nor spare the Promise of the pregnant Womb,
 O'er wasted Kingdoms spread his wide Command,
 The Savage Lord of an unpeopled Land.

Her guiltless Praises just *Britannia* draws
 From pure Religion, and impartial Laws,
 To *Europe's* Wounds a Mother's Aid she brings,
 And holds in equal Scales the Rival Kings:
 Her gen'rous Sons in choicest Gifts abound,
 In Arms alike, alike in Arts renown'd.

As when sweet *Venus* (so the Fable sings)
 Awak'd, by *Nereids*, from the Ocean springs,
 With Smiles she sees the threat'ning Billows rise,
 Spreads smooth the Surge, and clears the louring Skies,
 Light, o'er the Deep, with flutt'ring *Cupids* crown'd, }
 The pearly Conch and Silver Turtles bound; }
 Her Tresses shed Ambrosial Odours round.

Amidst the World of Waves so stands serene
Britannia's Isle, the Ocean's stately Queen;
 In vain the Nations have conspir'd her Fall,
 Her Trench the Sea, and Fleets her floating Wall:
 Defenceless Barks, her pow'rful Navy near,
 Have only Waves and Hurricanes to fear.

What bold Invader, or what Land oppress'd
 Hath not her Anger quell'd, her Aid redress'd!
 Say, where have e'er her Union-Crosses fail'd,
 But much her Arms, her Justice more prevail'd!
 Her Labours are to plead th' Almighty's Cause,
 Her Pride to teach th' untam'd Barbarian Laws:
 Who conquers, wins by brutal Strength the Prize;
 But 'tis a Godlike Work to civilize.

Have we forgot how from great *Russia's* Throne
 The King, whose Pow'r half *Europe's* Regions own,
 Whose Sceptre waving, with one Shout rush forth
 In Swarms the harness'd Millions of the North,
 Through Realms of Ice pursu'd his tedious Way
 To court our Friendship, and our Fame survey!
 Hence the rich Prize of useful Arts he bore,
 And round his Empire spread the learned Store:
 (T'adorn old Realms is more than new to raise,
 His Country's Parent is a Monarch's Praise.)
 His Bands now march in just Array to War,
 And *Caspian* Gulphs unusual Navies bear;
 With *Runick* Lays *Smolensko's* Forests ring,
 And wond'ring *Volga* hears the Muses sing:
 Did not the Painted Kings of *India* greet
 Our QUEEN, and yield their Sceptres at Her Feet!

Chiefs

Chiefs who full Bowls of hostile Blood had quaff'd,
 Fam'd for the Javelin, and invenom'd Shaft,
 Whose haughty Brows made Savages adore,
 Nor bow'd to less than Stars, or Sun before.
 Her pitying Smile accepts their suppliant Claim,
 And adds Four Monarchs to the Christian Name.

Blest Use of Pow'r! O virtuous Pride in Kings!
 And like His Bounty, whence Dominion springs!
 Which o'er new Worlds makes Heav'n's Indulgence shine,
 And ranges Myriads under Laws divine!
 Well bought with all that those sweet Regions hold,
 With Groves of Spices, and with Mines of Gold.

Fearless our Merchant now may fetch his Gain,
 And roam securely o'er the boundless Main.
 Now o'er his Head the Polar Bear he spies,
 And freezing Spangles of the *Lapland* Skies,
 Now swells his Canvas to the sultry Line,
 With glitt'ring Spoils where *Indian* Grottoes shine,
 Where Fumes of Incense glad the Southern Seas,
 And wafted Citron scents the balmy Breeze.
 Here nearer Suns prepare the rip'ning Gemm,
 To grace Great *ANNE*'s Imperial Diadem,
 And here the Ore, whose melted Mass shall yield
 On faithful Coins each memorable Field,

D

Which,

Which, mixt with Medals of immortal *Rome*,
May clear Disputes, and teach the Times come.

In circling Beams shall Godlike *ANNA* glow,
And *Churchill's* Sword hang o'er the prostrate Foe,
In comely Wounds shall bleeding Worthies stand,
Webb's firm Platoon, and *Lumly's* faithful Band,
Bold *Mordaunt* in *Iberian* Trophies drest,
And *Campbell's* Dragon on his dauntless Breast,
Great *Ormonde's* Deeds on *Vigo's* Spoils enroll'd,
And *Guiscard's* Knife on *Harley's* *Chili* Gold.
And if the Muse, O *Bristol*, might decree,
Here *Granville* noted by the Lyre should be,
The Lyre for *Granville*, and the Cross for Thee.

Such are the Honours grateful *Britain* pays,
So Patriots merit, and so Monarchs praise.
O'er distant Times such Records shall prevail,
When *English* Numbers, antiquated, fail:
A trifling Song the Muse can only yield,
And sooth her Soldiers panting from the Field,
To sweet Retirements see them safe convey'd,
And raise their Battels in the rural Shade.
From Fields of Death to *Woodstock's* peaceful Gloom
(The Poet's Haunt) *Britannia's* Hero comes—

Begin,

Begin, my Muse, and softly touch the String:
Here *Henry* lov'd; and *Chaucer* learn'd to sing.

Hail fabled Grotto! hail *Elysian* Soil!
Thou fairest Spot of fair *Britannia's* Isle!
Where Kings of old conceal'd forgot the Throne,
And Beauty was content to shine unknown,
Where Love and War by turns Pavilions rear,
And *Henry's* Bow'rs near *Blenheim's* Dome appear;
Thy weary'd Champion lull in soft Alcoves,
The noblest Boast of thy Romantick Groves.
Oft, if the Muse presage, shall He be seen
By *Rosamonda* fleeting o'er the Green,
In Dreams be hail'd by Heroes' mighty Shades,
And hear old *Chaucer* warble through the Glades,
O'er the fam'd echoing Vaults his Name shall bound,
And Hill to Hill reflect the fav'rite Sound.

Here, here at least thy Love for Arms give o'er,
Nor, one World conquer'd, fondly wish for more.
Vice of great Souls alone! O Thirst of Fame!
The Muse admires it, while she strives to blame.
Thy Toils be now to chace the bounding Deer,
Or view the Coursers stretch in wild Career;
This lovely Scene shall sooth thy Soul to Rest,
And wear each dreadful Image from thy Breast,

With

With Pleasure, by Thy Conquests shalt Thou see
 Thy QUEEN Triumphant, and all *Europe* free,
 No Cares henceforth shall thy Repose destroy,
 But what Thou giv'st the World, Thy self enjoy.

Sweet Solitude! when Life's gay Hours are past,
 Howe'er we range, in Thee we fix at last,
 Toft through tempestuous Seas (the Voyage o'er)
 Pale we look back, and blefs thy friendly Shore.
 Our own strict Judges our past Life we scan,
 And ask if Glory hath enlarg'd the Span;
 If bright the Prospect, we the Grave defie,
 Trust future Ages, and contented die.

When curious Strangers from far Countries come,
 To view the Pomp of this Triumphant Dome,
 Where rear'd aloft dissembled Trophies stand,
 And breathing Labours of the Sculptor's Hand,
 Where *Kneller's* Art shall paint the flying *Gaul*,
 And *Bourbon's* Woes shall fill the story'd Wall;
 Heirs of thy Blood shall o'er their bounteous Board
 Fix *Europe's* Guard, Thy Monumental Sword,
 Banners that oft had wav'd on conquer'd Walls,
 And Trumps, that drown'd the Groans of gasping *Gauls*.
 Fair Dames shall oft, with curious Eye, explore
 The costly Robes that slaughter'd Gen'als wore,

Rich

Rich Trappings from the *Danube's* Whirlpools brought,
 (*Hesperian* Nuns the gorgeous Broid'ry wrought)
 Belts stiff with Gold, the *Boian* Horse-man's Pride,
 And *Gaule's* fair Flow'rs, in humane Crimson dy'd.
 Of *Churchill's* Race perhaps some lovely Boy
 Shall mark the burnish'd Steel, that hangs on high,
 Shall gaze transported on its glitt'ring Charms,
 And reach it struggling with unequal Arms,
 By Signs the Drum's tumultuous Sound request,
 Then seek, in Starts, the hushing Mother's Breast.

So, in the Painter's animated Frame,
 Where *Mars* embraces the soft *Paphian* Dame,
 The little *Loves* in sport his Fauchion wield,
 Or join their Strength to heave his pond'rous Shield:
 One strokes the Plume in *Tityon's* Gore embru'd,
 And one the Spear, that reeks with *Typhon's* Blood,
 A Third's soft Brows the dinted Helme sustain,
 He nods his Crest, and frights the shrieking Train.

Thus, the rude Tempest of the Field o'er-blown,
 Shall whiter Rounds of smiling Years rowl on,
 Our Victors, blest in Peace, forget their Wars,
 Enjoy past Dangers, and absolve the Stars.
 But oh! what Sorrows shall bedew your Urns,
 Ye honour'd Shades, whom widow'd *Albion* mourns!

If your thin Forms yet discontented moan,
 And haunt the mangled Mansions, once your own,
 Behold what Flow'rs the pious Muses strow,
 And Tears, which in the midst of Triumph flow,
 Cypress and Bays your envy'd Brows surround,
 Your Names the tender Matron's Heart shall wound,
 And the soft Maid grow pensive at the Sound.

Accept, Great *ANNE*, the Tears their Mem'ry draws,
 Who nobly perish'd in their Sov'rain's Cause:
 For Thou in Pity bid'st the War give o'er,
 Mourn'st thy slain Heroes, nor wilt venture more
 Vast Price of Blood on each victorious Day!
 (But *Europe's* Freedom doth that Price repay.)
 Lamented Triumphs! when one Breath must tell
 That *Marlbrough* conquer'd, and that *Dormer* fell.

Great *QUEEN*! whose Name strikes haughty Monarchs
 On whose just Sceptre hangs *Europa's* Scale, [pale,
 Whose Arm like Mercy wounds, decides like Fate,
 On whose Decree the Nations anxious wait:
 From *Albion's* Cliffs Thy wide-extended Hand
 Shall o'er the Main to far *Peru* command,
 So vast a Tract whose wide Domain shall run,
 It's circling Skies shall see no setting Sun.

Thee,

Thee, Thee an hundred Languages shall claim,
 And savage *Indians* swear by *ANNA*'s Name,
 The Line and Poles shall own thy rightful Sway,
 And thy Commands the sever'd Globe obey.

Round the vast Ball thy new Dominions chain
 The watry Kingdoms, and controul the Main,
Magellan's Straits to *Gibraltar* they join,
 Across the Seas a formidable Line;
 The Sight of adverse *Gaule* we fear no more,
 But pleas'd see *Dunkirk*, now a guiltless Shore;
 In vain great *Neptune* tore the narrow Ground,
 And meant his Waters for *Britannia*'s Bound,
 Her Giant *Genius* takes a mighty Stride,
 And sets his Foot beyond th' incroaching Tide,
 On either Bank the Land its Master knows,
 And in the midst the subject Ocean flows.

So near proud *Rhodes*, across the raging Flood,
 Stupendous Form! the vast *Colossus* stood,
 (While at one Foot their thronging Gallies ride,
 A whole Hour's Sail scarce reach'd the further Side)
 Betwixt his brazen Thighs, in loose Array,
 Ten thousand Streamers on the Billows play.

By *Harley*'s Counsels *Dunkirk* now restor'd
 To *Britain*'s Empire, owns her ancient Lord.

In him transfus'd his Godlike Father reigns,
 Rich in the Blood which swell'd that Patriot's Veins,
 Who boldly faithful met his Sov'raign's Frown,
 And scorn'd for Gold to yield th'important Town.
 His Son was born the ravish'd Prey to claim,
 And *France* still trembles at an *Harley's* Name.

A Fort so dreadful to our *English* Shore,
 Our Fleets scarce fear'd the Sands or Tempest more,
 Whose vast Expences to such Summs amount,
 That the tax'd *Gaul* scarce furnish'd out th' Account,
 Whose Walls such Bulwarks, such vast Tow'rs restrain,
 Its weakest Ramparts are the Rocks and Main,
 His Boast great *Louis* yields, and cheaply buys
 Thy Friendship, *ANNA*, with the mighty Prize.
Holland repining, and in Grief cast down,
 Sees the new Glories of the *British* Crown:
 Ah! may they ne'er provoke Thee to the Fight,
 Nor Foes, more dreadful than the *Gaul*, invite,
 Soon may they hold the Olive, soon assuage
 Their secret Murmurs, nor call forth thy Rage
 To rend their Banks, and pour, at one Command,
 Thy Realm the Sea o'er their precarious Land.

Henceforth be Thine, Vice-gerent of the Skies,
 Scorn'd Worth to raise, and Vice in Robes chastise,

To

To dry the Orphan's Tears, and from the Bar
 Chace the brib'd Judge, and hush the wordy War,
 Deny the curst Blasphemer's Tongue to rage,
 And turn God's Fury from an impious Age.
 Blest Change! the Soldier's late destroying Hand
 Shall rear new Temples in his native Land,
 Mistaken Zealots shall with Fear behold,
 And beg Admittance in our sacred Fold;
 On Her own Works the Pious QUEEN shall smile,
 And turn her Cares upon her Fav'rite Isle.

So the keen Bolt a Warrior Angel aims,
 Array'd in Clouds, and wrapt in mantling Flames,
 He bears a Tempest on his sounding Wings,
 And his red Arm the forky Vengeance flings;
 At length, Heav'n's Wrath appeas'd, he quits the War,
 To rowle his Orb, and guide his destin'd Star,
 To shed kind Fate, and lucky Hours bestow,
 And smile propitious on the World below.

Around Thy Throne shall faithful Nobles wait,
 These guard the Church, and those direct the State.
 To *Bristol*, graceful in maternal Tears,
 The Church her Tow'ry Forehead gently rears,
 She begs her pious Son t' assert her Cause,
 Defend her Rights, and re-inforce her Laws,

With holy Zeal the sacred Work begin,
To bend the Stubborn, and the Meek to win.

Our *Oxford's* Earl in careful Thought shall stand,
To raise his QUEEN, and save a sinking Land.
The wealthiest Glebe to rav'nous *Spaniards* known
He marks, and makes the Golden World our own,
Content with Hands unsoil'd to guard the Prize,
And keep the Store with undefiring Eyes.

So round the Tree, that bore *Hesperian* Gold,
The sacred Watch lay curl'd in many a Fold,
His Eyes up-rearing to th' untasted Prey,
The sleepless Guardian wasted Life away.

Beneath the peaceful Olives, rais'd by You,
Her ancient Pride shall ev'ry Art renew,
(The Arts with You fam'd *Harcourt* shall defend,
And courtly *Bolingbroke* the Muse's Friend.)
With piercing Eye some search where Nature plays,
And trace the Wanton through her darksome Maze,
Whence Health from Herbs; from Seeds how Groves
How vital Streams in circling Eddies run. [begun,
Some teach why round the Sun the Spheres advance,
In the fix'd Measures of their mystic Dance,

How

How Tides, when heav'd by pressing Moons, o'erflow,
 And Sun-born *Iris* paints her show'ry Bow.
 In happy Chains our daring Language bound,
 Shall sport no more in arbitrary Sound,
 But buskin'd Bards henceforth shall wisely rage,
 And *Grecian* Plans reform *Britannia's* Stage:
 Till *Congreve* bids her smile *Augusta* stands,
 And longs to weep when flowing *Rowe* commands.
Britain's Spectators shall their Strength combine
 To mend our Morals, and our Taste refine,
 Fight Virtue's Cause, stand up in Wit's Defence,
 Win us from Vice, and laugh us into Sense:
 Nor, *Prior*, hast thou hush'd the Trump in vain,
 Thy Lyre shall now revive her mirthful Strain,
 New Tales shall now be told; if right I see,
 The Soul of *Chaucer* is restor'd in Thee.
Garth, in majestick Numbers, to the Stars
 Shall raise Mock-Heroes, and fantastick Wars.
 Like the young spreading Laurel, *Pope*, thy Name
 Shoots up with Strength, and rises into Fame;
 With *Philips* shall the peaceful Vallies ring,
 And *Britain* hear a second *Spenser* sing.
 That much-lov'd Youth, whom *Utrecht's* Walls confine,
 To *Bristol's* Praises shall his *Strafford's* join:
 He too, from whom attentive *Oxford* draws
 Rules for just Thinking, and Poetick Laws,

To growing Bards his learned Aid shall lend,
 The strictest Critick, and the kindest Friend.
 Ev'n mine, a bashful Muse, whose rude Essays
 Scarce hope for Pardon, not aspire to Praise,
 Cherish'd by You in Time may grow to Fame,
 And mine survive with *Bristol's* glorious Name.

Fir'd with the Views this glitt'ring Scene displays,
 And smit with Passion for my Country's Praise,
 My artless Reed attempts this lofty Theme,
 Where sacred *Isis* rowls her ancient Stream;
 In Cloyster'd Domes the great *Philippa's* Pride, [side,
 Where Learning blooms, while Fame and Worth pre-
 Where the Fifth *Henry* Arts and Arms was taught,
 And *Edward* form'd his *Cressy*, yet unfought,
 Where Laurel'd Bards have struck the warbling Strings,
 The Seat of Sages, and the Nurse of Kings.
 Here thy Commands, O *Lancaster*, inflame
 My eager Breast to raise the *British* Name,
 Urge on my Soul, with no ignoble Pride,
 To woo the Muse, whom *Addison* enjoy'd,
 See that bold Swan to Heav'n sublimely soar,
 Pursue at Distance, and his Steps adore.

F I N I S.

